TOMB OF DRACULA
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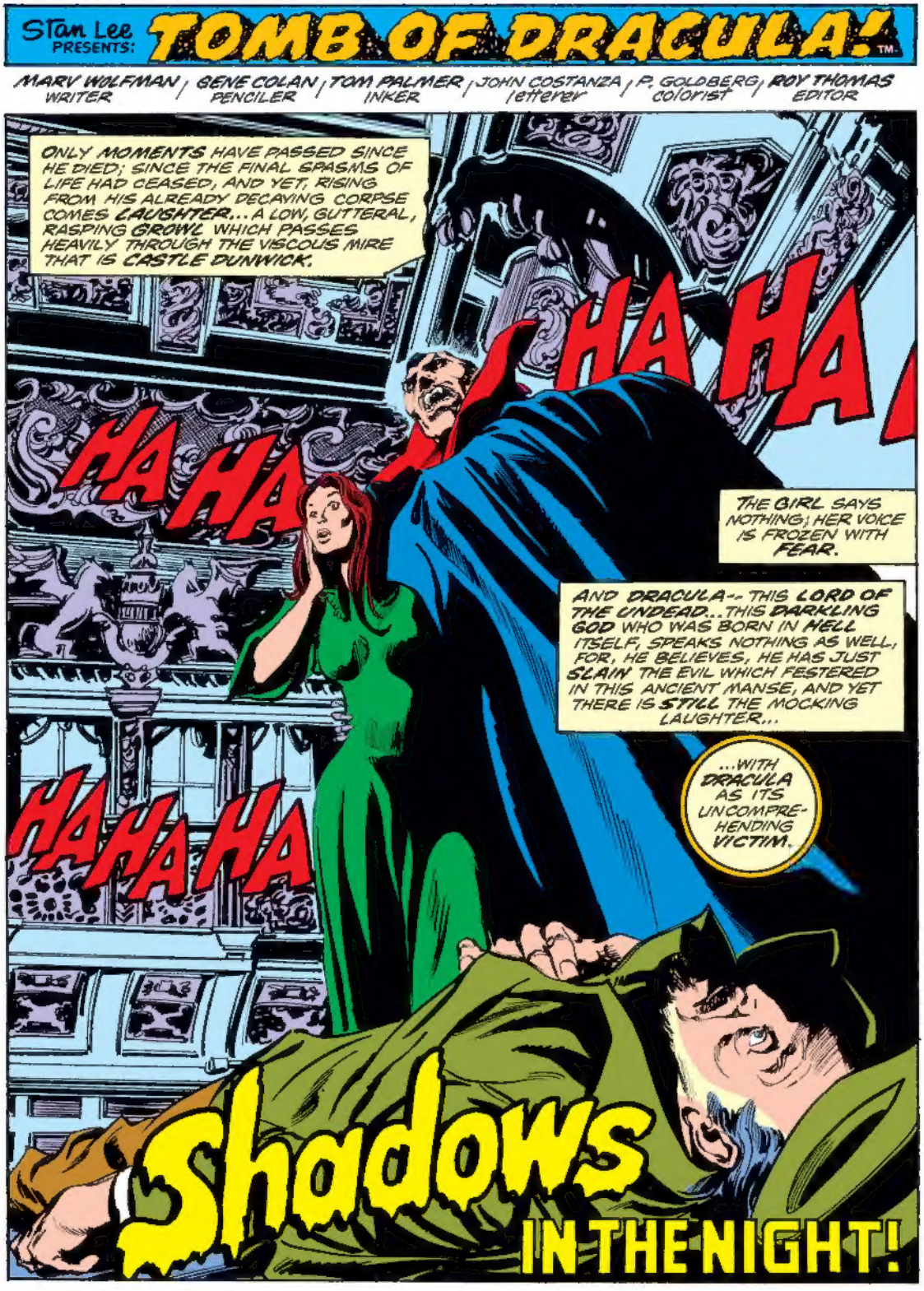
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
EXORCISM! THE LORD OF VAMPIRES! AND A SOUL-SHUDDERING SECRET!
YOU DARE NOT FAIL TO READ--
SHADOW OVER HAUNTED CASTLE!


Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!
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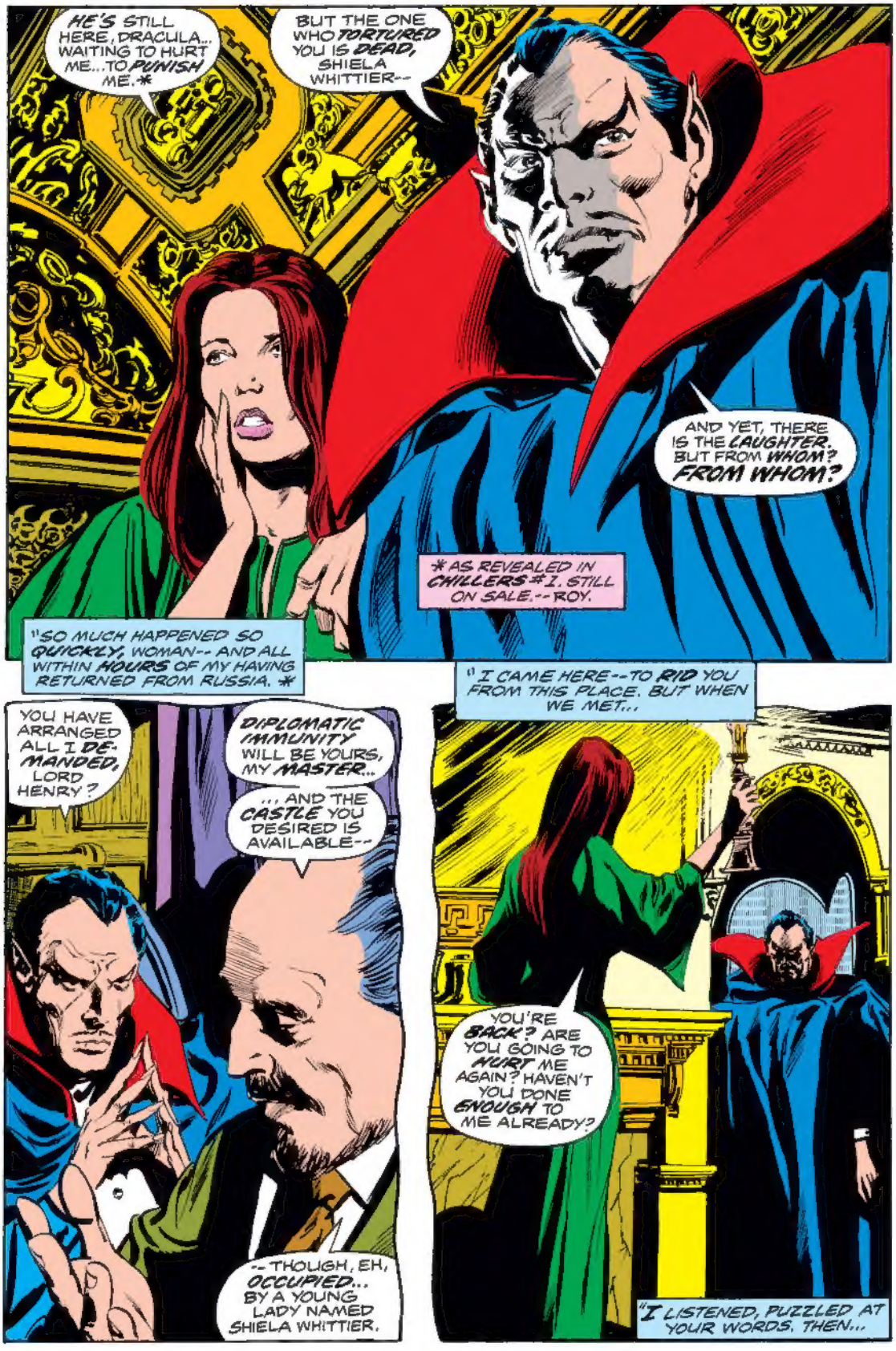
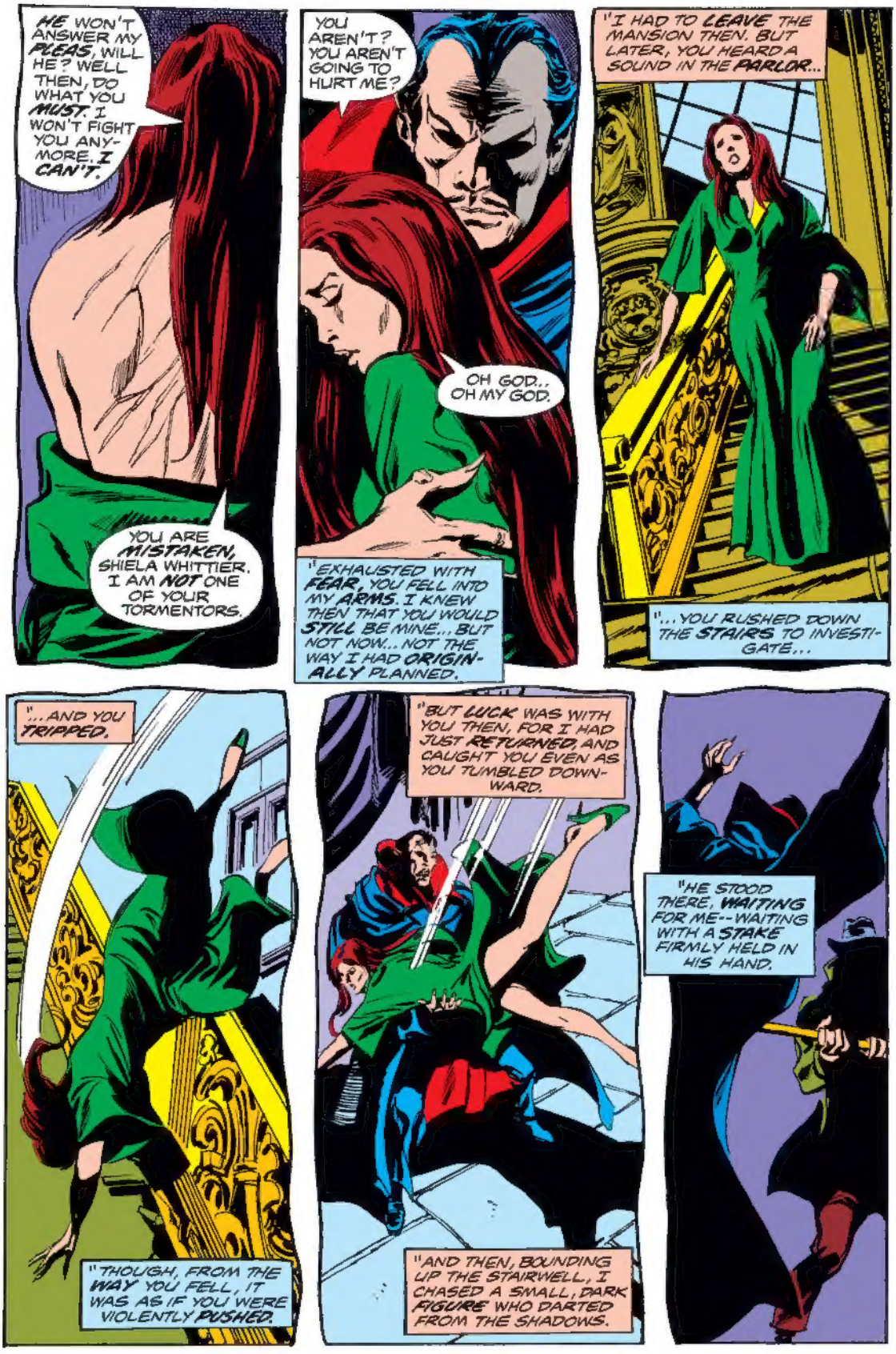
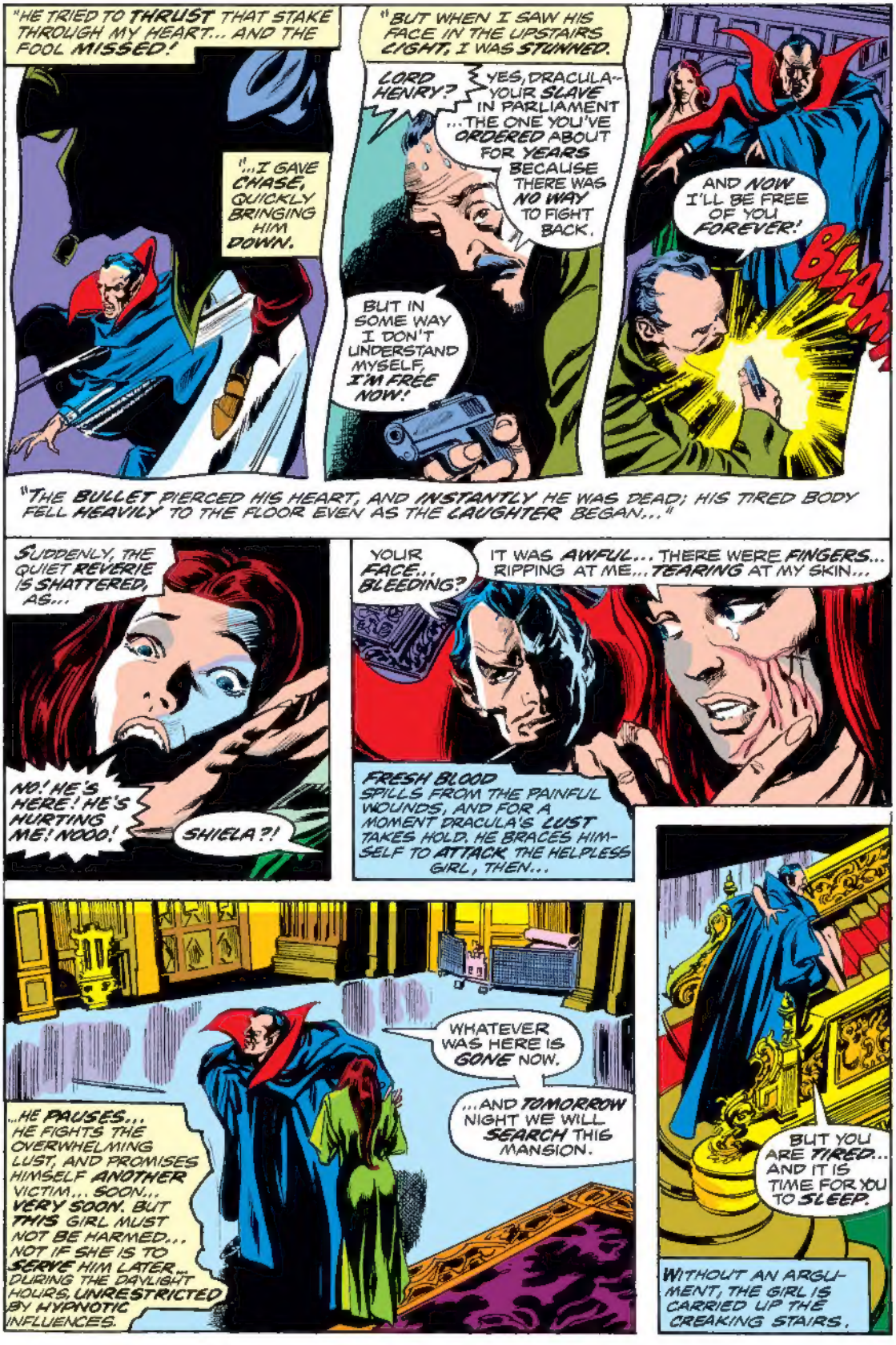
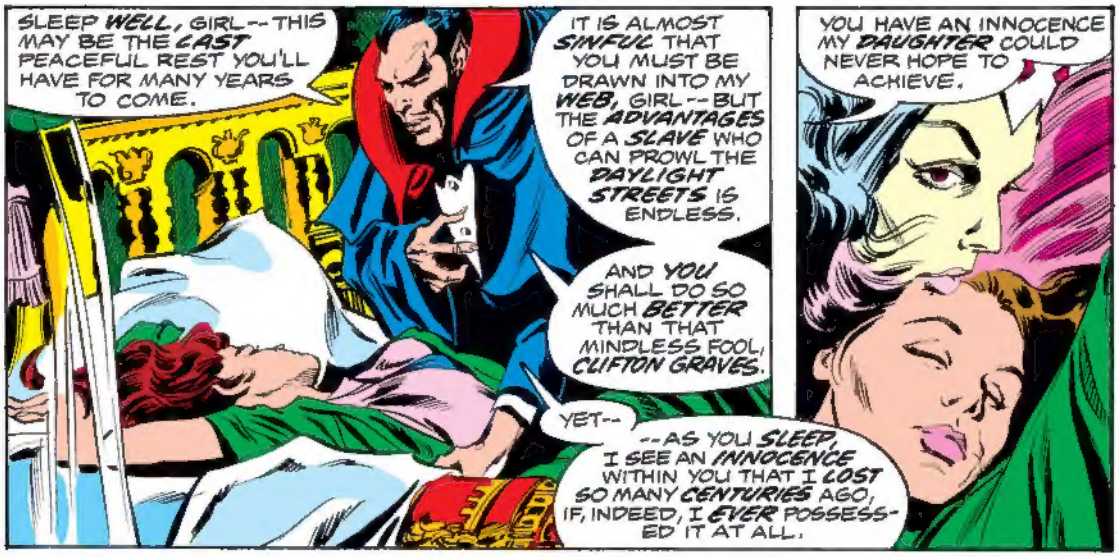
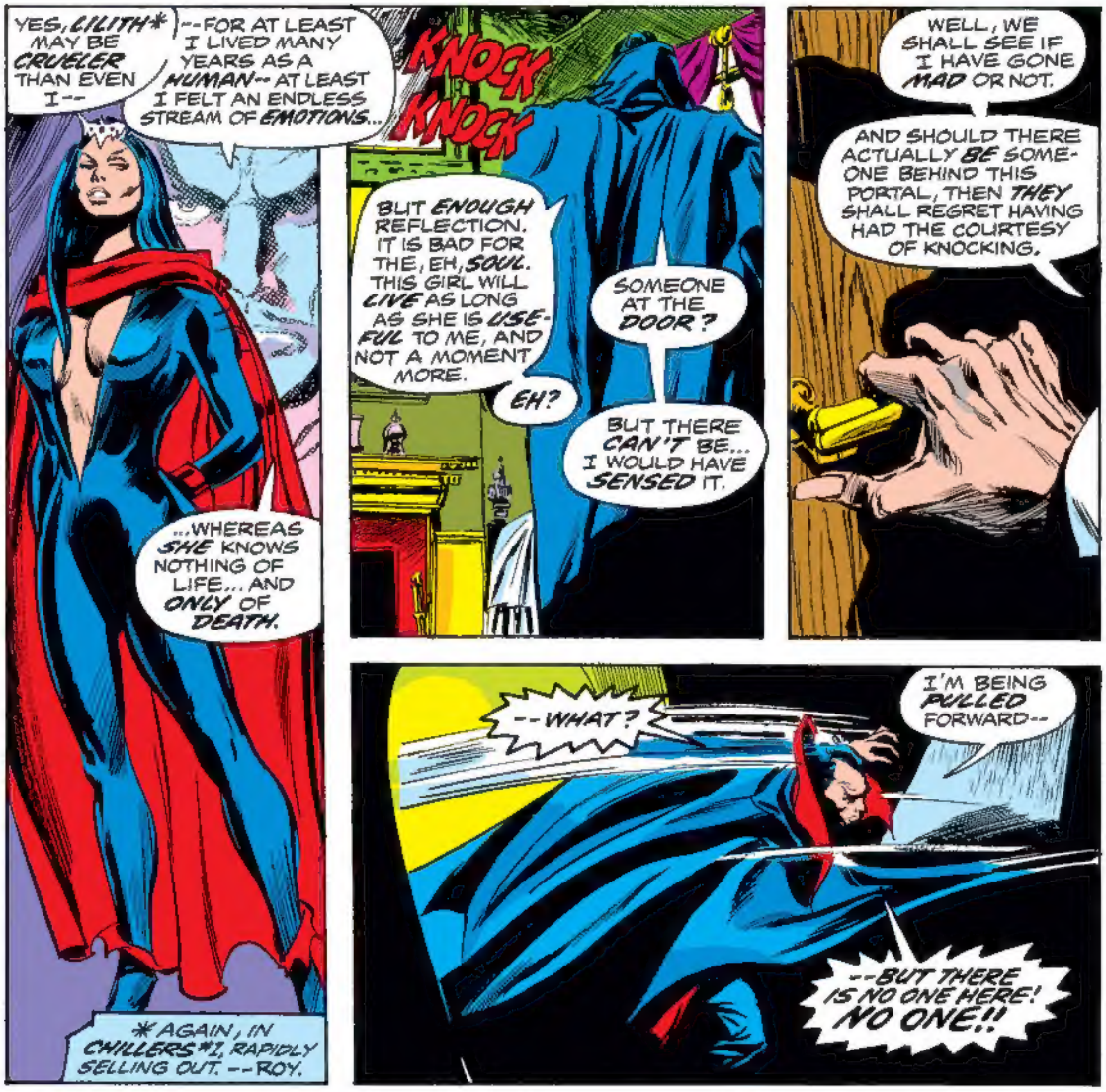
ONLY MOMENTS HAVE PASSED SINCE HE DIED; SINCE THE FINAL SPASMS OF LIFE HAD CEASED, AND YET, RISING FROM HIS ALREADY DECAYING CORPSE COMES LAUGHTER... A LOW, GUTTERAL, RASPING GROWL WHICH PASSES HEAVILY THROUGH THE VISCOUS MIRE THAT IS CASTLE DUNWICK.
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
THE GIRL SAYS NOTHING; HER VOICE IS FROZEN WITH FEAR.
AND DRACULA -- THIS LORD OF THE UNDEAD.. THIS DARKLING GOD WHO WAS BORN IN HELL ITSELF, SPEAKS NOTHING AS WELL, FOR, HE BELIEVES, HE HAS JUST SLAIN THE EVIL WHICH FESTERED IN THIS ANCIENT MANSE, AND YET THERE IS STILL THE MOCKING LAUGHTER...
...WITH DRACULA AS ITS UNCOMPREHENDING VICTIM.
Shadows IN THE NIGHT!


HE'S STILL HERE, DRACULA... WAITING TO HURT ME...TO PUNISH ME.*
BUT THE ONE WHO TORTURED YOU IS DEAD, SHIELA WHITTIER--
AND YET, THERE IS THE LAUGHTER. BUT FROM WHOM? FROM WHOM?
* AS REVEALED IN CHILLERS #1. STILL ON SALE.--ROY.
"SO MUCH HAPPENED SO QUICKLY, WOMAN-- AND ALL WITHIN HOURS OF MY HAVING RETURNED FROM RUSSIA. *
"I CAME HERE--TO RID YOU FROM THIS PLACE. BUT WHEN WE MET...
YOU HAVE ARRANGED ALL I DEMANDED, LORD HENRY?
DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY WILL BE YOURS, MY MASTER...
...AND THE CASTLE YOU DESIRED IS AVAILABLE--
--THOUGH, EH, OCCUPIED... BY A YOUNG LADY NAMED SHIELA WHITTIER.
YOU'RE BACK? ARE YOU GOING TO HURT ME AGAIN? HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH TO ME ALREADY?
"I LISTENED, PUZZLED AT YOUR WORDS. THEN...


HE WON'T ANSWER MY PLEAS, WILL HE? WELL THEN, DO WHAT YOU MUST. I WON'T FIGHT YOU ANY-MORE. I CAN'T.
YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SHIELA WHITTIER. I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR TORMENTORS.
YOU AREN'T? YOU AREN'T GOING TO HURT ME?
OH GOD.. OH MY GOD.
"EXHAUSTED WITH FEAR, YOU FELL INTO MY ARMS. I KNEW THEN THAT YOU WOULD STILL BE MINE.. BUT NOT NOW.. NOT THE WAY I HAD ORIGIN-ALLY PLANNED.
"I HAD TO LEAVE THE MANSION THEN. BUT LATER, YOU HEARD A SOUND IN THE PARLOR...
"...YOU RUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS TO INVESTI-GATE...
"...AND YOU TRIPPED.
"THOUGH, FROM THE WAY YOU FELL, IT WAS AS IF YOU WERE VIOLENTLY PUSHED.
"BUT LUCK WAS WITH YOU THEN, FOR I HAD JUST RETURNED, AND CAUGHT YOU EVEN AS YOU TUMBLED DOWN-WARD.
"AND THEN, BOUNDING UP THE STAIRWELL, I CHASED A SMALL, DARK FIGURE WHO DARTED FROM THE SHADOWS.
"HE STOOD THERE, WAITING FOR ME--WAITING WITH A STAKE FIRMLY HELD IN HIS HAND.


"HE TRIED TO THRUST THAT STAKE THROUGH MY HEART... AND THE FOOL MISSED!
"...I GAVE CHASE, QUICKLY BRINGING HIM DOWN.
"BUT WHEN I SAW HIS FACE IN THE UPSTAIRS LIGHT, I WAS STUNNED.
LORD HENRY?
YES, DRACULA--YOUR SLAVE IN PARLIAMENT ...THE ONE YOU'VE ORDERED ABOUT FOR YEARS BECAUSE THERE WAS NO WAY TO FIGHT BACK.
BUT IN SOME WAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND MYSELF, I'M FREE NOW!
AND NOW I'LL BE FREE OF YOU FOREVER!
BLAM
"THE BULLET PIERCED HIS HEART, AND INSTANTLY HE WAS DEAD; HIS TIRED BODY FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR EVEN AS THE LAUGHTER BEGAN..."
SUDDENLY, THE QUIET REVERIE IS SHATTERED, AS...
NO! HE'S HERE! HE'S HURTING ME! NOOO!
SHIELA?!
YOUR FACE.., BLEEDING?
IT WAS AWFUL... THERE WERE FINGERS... RIPPING AT ME... TEARING AT MY SKIN...
FRESH BLOOD SPILLS FROM THE PAINFUL WOUNDS, AND FOR A MOMENT DRACULA'S LUST TAKES HOLD. HE BRACES HIMSELF TO ATTACK THE HELPLESS GIRL, THEN...
WHATEVER WAS HERE IS GONE NOW.
...AND TOMORROW NIGHT WE WILL SEARCH THIS MANSION.
...HE PAUSES... HE FIGHTS THE OVERWHELMING LUST, AND PROMISES HIMSELF ANOTHER VICTIM... SOON... VERY SOON. BUT THIS GIRL MUST NOT BE HARMED... NOT IF SHE IS TO SERVE HIM LATER... DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, UNRESTRICTED BY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCES.
BUT YOU ARE TIRED... AND IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO SLEEP.
WITHOUT AN ARGUMENT, THE GIRL IS CARRIED UP THE CREAKING STAIRS.


SLEEP WELL, GIRL--THIS MAY BE THE LAST PEACEFUL REST YOU'LL HAVE FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.
IT IS ALMOST SINFUL THAT YOU MUST BE DRAWN INTO MY WEB, GIRL--BUT THE ADVANTAGES OF A SLAVE WHO CAN PROWL THE DAYLIGHT STREETS IS ENDLESS.
AND YOU SHALL DO SO MUCH BETTER THAN THAT MINDLESS FOOL, CLIFTON GRAVES.
YET--
--AS YOU SLEEP, I SEE AN INNOCENCE WITHIN YOU THAT I LOST SO MANY CENTURIES AGO, IF, INDEED, I EVER POSSESSED IT AT ALL.
YOU HAVE AN INNOCENCE MY DAUGHTER COULD NEVER HOPE TO ACHIEVE.


YES, LILITH* MAY BE CRUELER THAN EVEN I--
--FOR AT LEAST I LIVED MANY YEARS AS A HUMAN--AT LEAST I FELT AN ENDLESS STREAM OF EMOTIONS...
...WHEREAS SHE KNOWS NOTHING OF LIFE... AND ONLY OF DEATH.
*AGAIN, IN CHILLERS #1, RAPIDLY SELLING OUT. --ROY.
KNOCK KNOCK
BUT ENOUGH REFLECTION. IT IS BAD FOR THE, EH, SOUL. THIS GIRL WILL LIVE AS LONG AS SHE IS USEFUL TO ME, AND NOT A MOMENT MORE.
EH?
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR?
BUT THERE CAN'T BE... I WOULD HAVE SENSED IT.
WELL, WE SHALL SEE IF I HAVE GONE MAD OR NOT.
AND SHOULD THERE ACTUALLY BE SOMEONE BEHIND THIS PORTAL, THEN THEY SHALL REGRET HAVING HAD THE COURTESY OF KNOCKING.

--WHAT?
I'M BEING PULLED FORWARD--
--BUT THERE IS NO ONE HERE! NO ONE!!

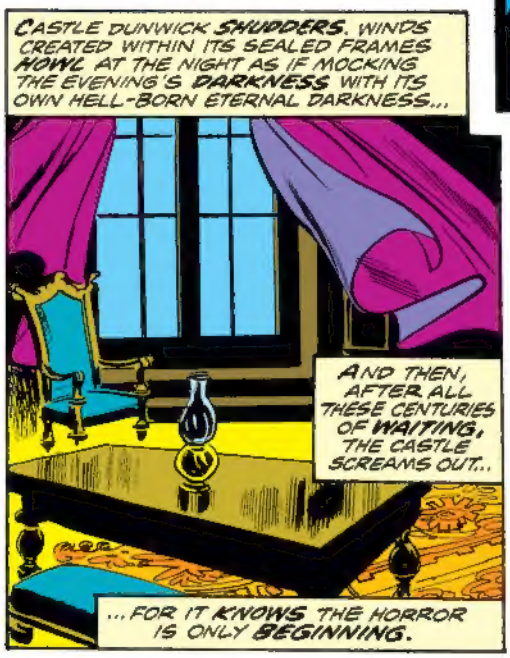
JAJPUR, INDIA:
THE AIR IS THICK WITH A MYRIAD OF SMELLS; OF SPICES, OF PEOPLE, OF UNMOVED BEASTS WHO SIT AS THEY PLEASE WITHIN THE MARKET PLACE.
AND ALSO NOW, THE SMELL OF GASOLINE.
WE ARE ALL REJOICING AT YOUR RETURN, TAJ NITALL. YOU HAVE BEEN GONE FAR TOO LONG FROM YOUR PEOPLE.
IT TOOK US MANY YEARS TO FIND YOU. WHY DID YOU NOT WRITE, OLD FRIEND?
SILENT AS ALWAYS, TAJ NITALL. I AM SORRY, IT HAS BEEN SO LONG I HAVE FORGOTTEN.
BUT THE ONE WHO AWAITS YOU IN THAT HUT HAS BEEN CALLING YOUR NAME SINCE YOU LEFT YOUR VILLAGE, TAJ.
GO, MY FRIEND. YOUR WIFE WAITS FOR YOU.
CASTLE DUNWICK. SIXTEEN MILES FROM LONDON:
I FELT HANDS PUSH-- YET THERE WAS NO ONE THERE...
...YET SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO FACE MY WRATH.
...SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO DRACULA!
YIIIEEEEE
AND SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO DIE!
WHAT? A SCREAM FROM THE GIRL'S ROOM?

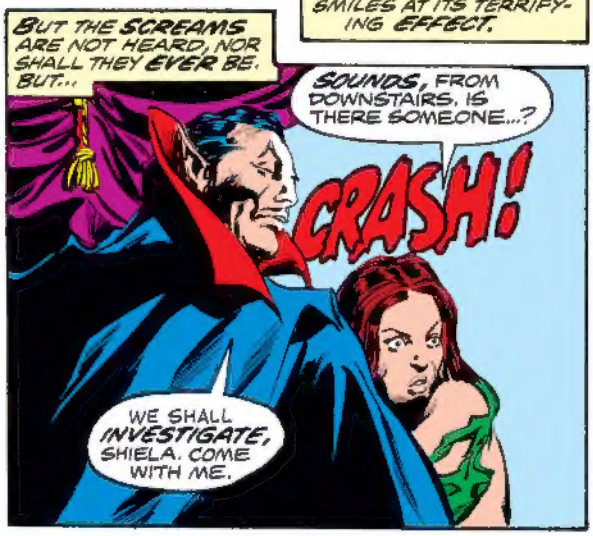
CASTLE DUNWICK SIGHS AS IT WATCHES THE BAT ARC UPWARDS TOWARDS THE RESOUNDING SCREAM...
FOR THIS ANCIENT MANSE HAS SEEN MANY EVILS IN ITS LONG CENTURIES OF EXISTENCE--
EEEEE
--MANY EVEN MORE VILE THAN THIS MOCKERY OF LIFE... THIS CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD.
AND THAT INCLUDES THE EVIL WHICH POSSESSED THIS HOUSEHOLD FOR MORE THAN SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS...
...ONE WHICH EVEN NOW LASHES OUT AT THE LORD OF DARKNESS.
THERE IS A SOUND... A FAINT ALMOST INAUDIBLE RUSTLE OF CRYSTAL SLIPPING THROUGH FOG...
BUT THAT SOUND IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR DRACULA TO HEAR...
CRASH
...AND THEN, TO TAKE ACTION.
WHILE, IN THE SHADOWED HALLS OF SHIELA WHITTIER'S ROOM...
...A DIFFERENT MANIFESTATION OF EVIL BEGINS--
--AS THE SOUNDS OF HER SCREAMS ARE SILENCED BENEATH THE ROAR OF A WIND WHICH BLOWS THROUGH A CLOSED WINDOW...
...WHICH ERUPTS IN A FURY OF HELL-ISH DESTRUCTION WITHIN A ROOM THAT SHOULD BE QUIET... SHOULD BE CALM.
AND THIS PHANTOM WRAITH-LIKE STORM RIPS THROUGH THE SOUL OF THIS INNO-CENT GIRL...
...AND TEARS AWAY AT THE FINAL LINGERING VESTIGES OF SANITY.
ONE MOMENT THERE IS A VIOLENT HELL-STORM...
WHAT IS WRONG, GIRL--? YOUR SCREAMS...
...AND THE NEXT, A HEAVENLY CALM.

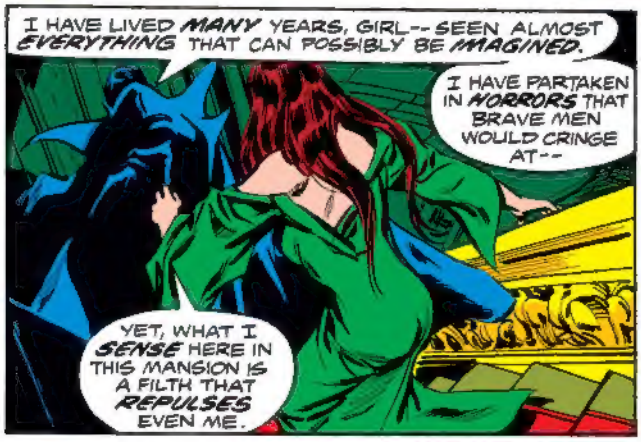
OH LORD--HE WAS IN HERE--I FELT HIS PRESENCE...
HE CAME AGAIN TO TORTURE ME...
I THINK IT IS TIME YOU TELL ME WHO "HE" IS.
YOU HAVE SUFFICIENTLY ARROUSED MY CURIOSITY.

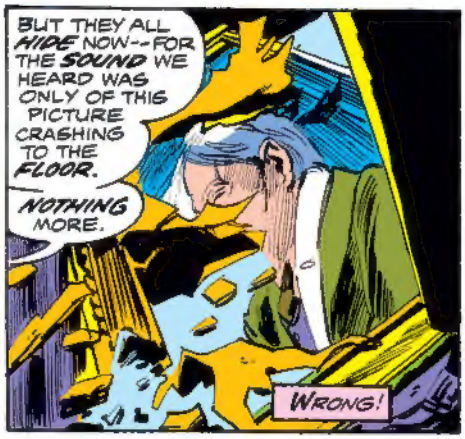
HER LIPS TREMBLING WITH FEAR, SHIELA WHITTIER SPEAKS ONE NAME...
"DUNWICK," SHE SAYS FALTERINGLY.
AND THE SHADOWS IN THE CASTLE... HIS CASTLE, GROW THICKER, AND DARKER.

AND THE ROOMS GROW COLDER AS HELL'S WARMING FIRES RETREAT IN TERROR AT THE SOUND OF THAT ONE FRIGHTENING NAME.
DUNWICK... ALESTAR DUNWICK.
HIS PAINTED IMAGE TAKES NOTE OF THE NAME, AND SMILES AT ITS TERRIFYING EFFECT.


CASTLE DUNWICK SHUDDERS. WINDS CREATED WITHIN ITS SEALED FRAMES HOWL AT THE NIGHT AS IF MOCKING THE EVENING'S DARKNESS WITH ITS OWN HELL-BORN ETERNAL DARKNESS...
AND THEN, AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES OF WAITING, THE CASTLE SCREAMS OUT...
...FOR IT KNOWS THE HORROR IS ONLY BEGINNING.

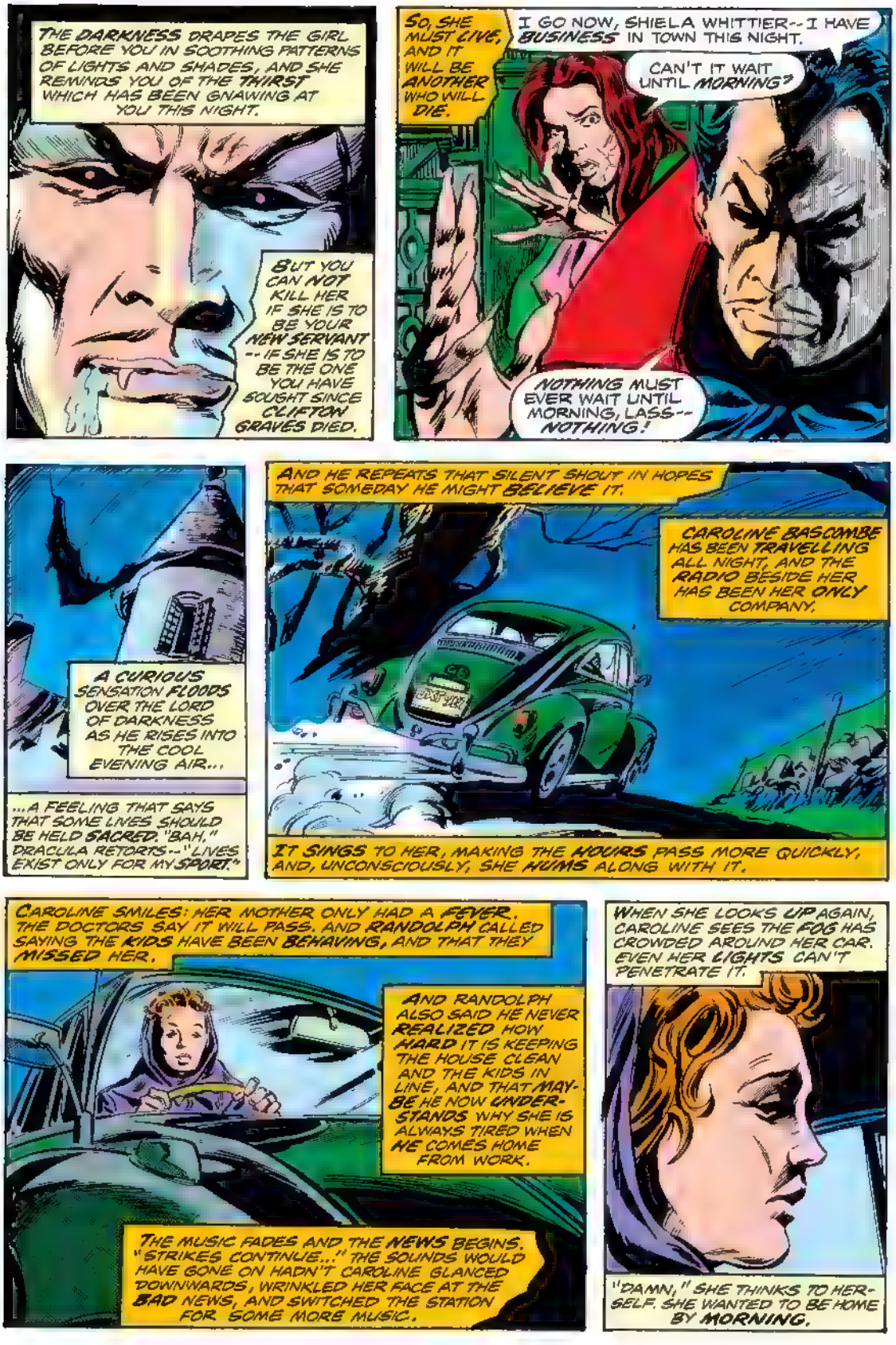

BUT THE SCREAMS ARE NOT HEARD, NOR SHALL THEY EVER BE. BUT...
SOUNDS, FROM DOWNSTAIRS, IS THERE SOMEONE...?
CRASH!
WE SHALL INVESTIGATE, SHIELA. COME WITH ME.

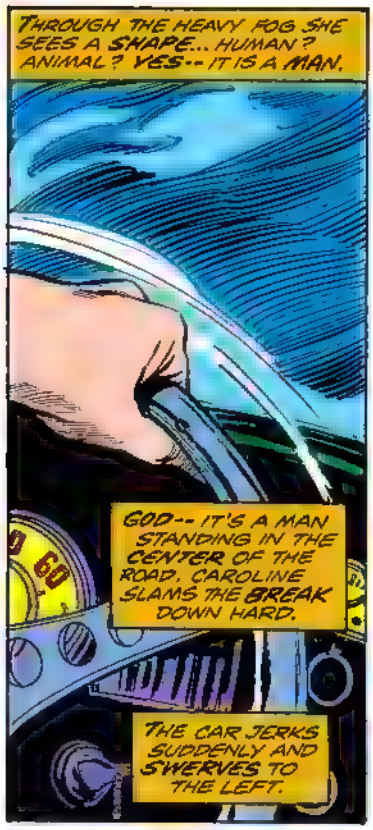

I HAVE LIVED MANY YEARS, GIRL--SEEN ALMOST EVERYTHING THAT CAN POSSIBLY BE IMAGINED.
I HAVE PARTAKEN IN HORRORS THAT BRAVE MEN WOULD CRINGE AT--
YET, WHAT I SENSE HERE IN THIS MANSION IS A FILTH THAT REPULSES EVEN ME.

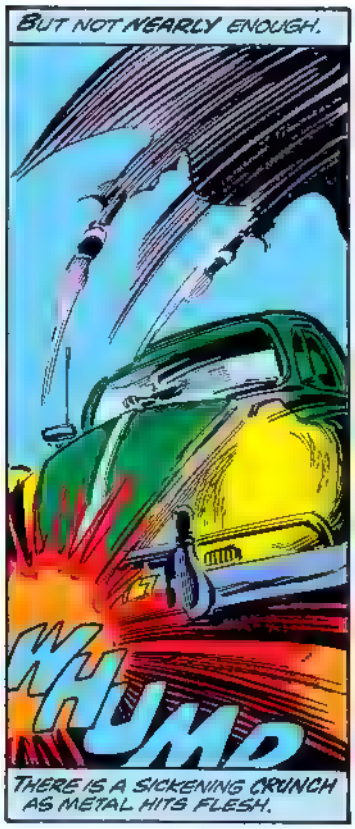

BUT THEY ALL HIDE NOW--FOR THE SOUND WE HEARD WAS ONLY OF THIS PICTURE CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.
NOTHING MORE.
WRONG!

IT'S HIM-- THIS IS THE PICTURE OF MY UNCLE... ALESTAR DUNCAN--
--THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN TORTURING ME SINCE I CAME HERE TWO MONTHS AGO.
FINISH YOUR STORY THEN. I WISH TO HEAR THE REST.
YOU SAID YOU HAD NEVER MET DUNWICK, YET WHEN HE DIED HE LEFT YOU THIS MANSION.
GOD HELP ME BUT HE DID, DRACULA. AND I WISH I HAD NEVER GONE TO THE READING OF THE WILL.
MY AUNT HENRIETTA WAS GIVEN UNCLE DUNWICK'S MONEY. HIS SHIFTLESS SON, RODNEY, WAS GIVEN A CASTLE ON THE ISLE OUTSIDE GREECE...
"...WITH HOPE THAT THAT SPINELESS MILKSOP WILL FINALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING."
AND THE FINAL PARAGRAPH READS, "TO MY NIECE, SHIELA. THOUGH WE HAVE NEVER MET, I HAVE OFTEN SEEN YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS. TO YOU I LEAVE MY MANSION. MAY YOU FIND IT AS IRRESTIBLE AS I FIND YOU."
"FREDDY, MY BOYFRIEND, WELL, HE AND I TOOK A SHORT TRIP TO INSPECT THE CASTLE. I HATED IT THE MOMENT I SAW IT.
AW, DON'T BE THAT WAY, SHEERY --I'LL BE WITH YOU.
BESIDES, THESE OLD CASTLES HAVE PLENTY OF OLD ANTIQUES. SHOULD BE RATHER KINKY AT THAT, LOVE.
I-I DON'T CARE ABOUT THEM, FRED. IT'S THIS PLACE...
I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT TO YOU... BUT IT... IT BOTHERS ME...
I FEEL IN MY STOMACH THAT IT'S WRONG TO BE HERE.
"NONSENSE,' HE SAID. WE ARGUED A BIT, AND THEN I FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE SWELLING DARKNESS.

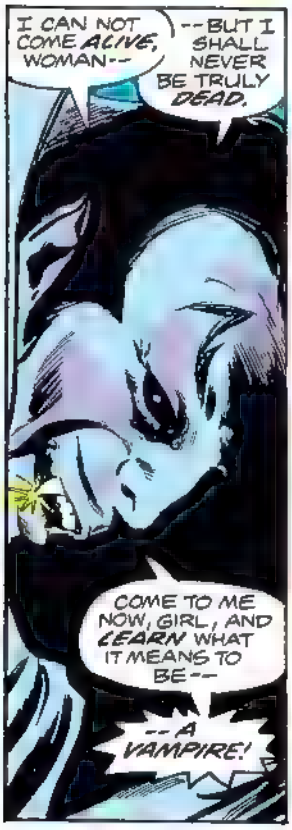
"I MUST ADMIT THERE WAS SOME BEAUTY IN WHAT I SAW. THE FURNITURE WAS MAGNIFICENT.. THE HALLS WERE IMMENSE AND FILLED WITH INCREDIBLE STATUES. IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOVELY-ONCE.
"BUT ALL THE WHILE WE SEARCHED, I FELT I WAS BEING SPIED UPON... AND THAT FEELING NEVER LEFT ME.
"DID I TELL YOU, DRACULA, THAT FREDDY DIED? DID I EXPLAIN TO YOU THAT THAT IS WHY I HATE THIS PLACE ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE?
"HE DIED.. AND I SAW HIM DIE.
"YOU SEE, WE WERE ABOUT TO EXPLORE THE BASEMENT.
ACCORDING TO THAT LAWYER HALEY, THERE WERE RUMORS THAT THE OLD MAN HAD A TREASURE DOWN HERE.
WE'RE GOING TO FIND IT, LOVE.
"THOSE WERE HIS LAST WORDS. I'LL NEVER FORGET THEM AS LONG AS I LIVE.
"BECAUSE, AS WE DESCENDED THE STAIRWELL, I SAW WHAT SEEMED TO BE A HAND REACHING OUT FROM THE DARKNESS.
"AND BEFORE THE WORDS CAME TO MY LIPS..
"IT PUSHED FREDDY TO HIS DEATH.
"HIS HEAD CRACKED OPEN WHEN IT HIT THE BASEMENT FLOOR. HIS EYES ROLLED UP IN DISGUSTING HORROR...
...I FELT MY STOMACH TURN AS I WATCHED HIS BLOOD DRIP ONTO THE CONCRETE MORTAR.
THE POLICE SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. I-I COULDN'T TELL THEM DIFFERENTLY.
WE SHALL SEE... WE SHALL SEE.
4:30 A.M.
AND THE DARKNESS THAT HAS SETTLED ABOUT CASTLE DUNWICK REFUSES TO GIVE WAY TO THE DAWNING RAYS OF THE SUN.

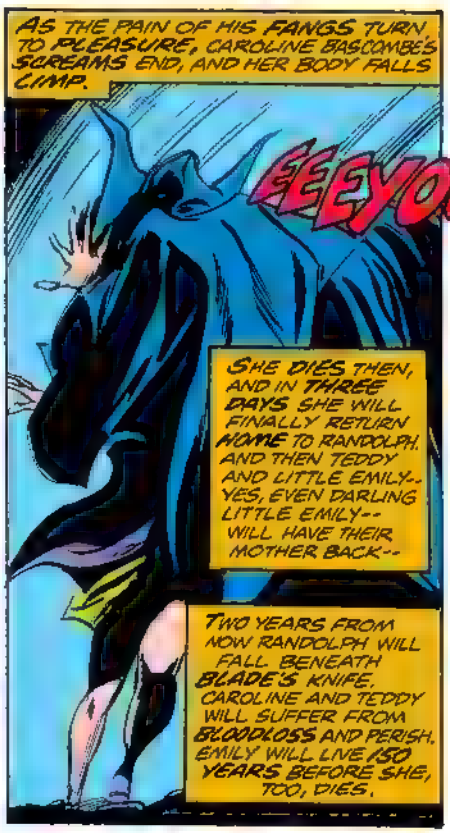

THE DARKNESS DRAPES THE GIRL BEFORE YOU IN SOOTHING PATTERNS OF LIGHTS AND SHADES, AND SHE REMINDS YOU OF THE THIRST WHICH HAS BEEN GNAWING AT YOU THIS NIGHT.
BUT YOU CAN NOT KILL HER IF SHE IS TO BE YOUR NEW SERVANT -- IF SHE IS TO BE THE ONE YOU HAVE SOUGHT SINCE CLIFTON GRAVES DIED.
SO, SHE MUST LIVE, AND IT WILL BE ANOTHER WHO WILL DIE.
I GO NOW, SHIELA WHITTIER-- I HAVE BUSINESS IN TOWN THIS NIGHT.
CAN'T IT WAIT UNTIL MORNING?
NOTHING MUST EVER WAIT UNTIL MORNING, LASS-- NOTHING!
A CURIOUS SENSATION FLOODS OVER THE LORD OF DARKNESS AS HE RISES INTO THE COOL EVENING AIR...
...A FEELING THAT SAYS THAT SOME LIVES SHOULD BE HELD SACRED. "BAH," DRACULA RETORTS-- "LIVES EXIST ONLY FOR MY SPORT."
AND HE REPEATS THAT SILENT SHOUT IN HOPES THAT SOMEDAY HE MIGHT BELIEVE IT.
CAROLINE BASCOMBE HAS BEEN TRAVELLING ALL NIGHT, AND THE RADIO BESIDE HER HAS BEEN HER ONLY COMPANY.
IT SINGS TO HER, MAKING THE HOURS PASS MORE QUICKLY, AND, UNCONSCIOUSLY, SHE HUMS ALONG WITH IT.
CAROLINE SMILES: HER MOTHER ONLY HAD A FEVER. THE DOCTORS SAY IT WILL PASS. AND RANDOLPH CALLED SAYING THE KIDS HAVE BEEN BEHAVING, AND THAT THEY MISSED HER.
AND RANDOLPH ALSO SAID HE NEVER REALIZED HOW HARD IT IS KEEPING THE HOUSE CLEAN AND THE KIDS IN LINE, AND THAT MAY-BE HE NOW UNDER-STANDS WHY SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED WHEN HE COMES HOME FROM WORK.
THE MUSIC FADES AND THE NEWS BEGINS. "STRIKES CONTINUE..." THE SOUNDS WOULD HAVE GONE ON HADN'T CAROLINE GLANCED DOWNWARDS, WRINKLED HER FACE AT THE BAD NEWS, AND SWITCHED THE STATION FOR SOME MORE MUSIC.
WHEN SHE LOOKS UP AGAIN, CAROLINE SEES THE FOG HAS CROWDED AROUND HER CAR. EVEN HER LIGHTS CAN'T PENETRATE IT.
"DAMN," SHE THINKS TO HER-SELF. SHE WANTED TO BE HOME BY MORNING.


THROUGH THE HEAVY FOG SHE SEES A SHAPE.. HUMAN? ANIMAL? YES-- IT IS A MAN.
GOD-- IT'S A MAN STANDING IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD. CAROLINE SLAMS THE BREAK DOWN HARD.
THE CAR JERKS SUDDENLY AND SWERVES TO THE LEFT.

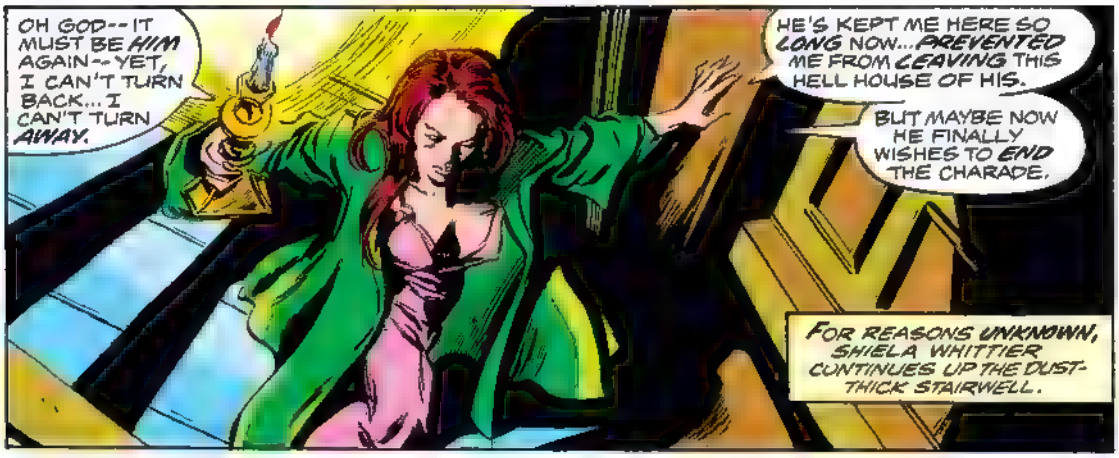

BUT NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.
WHUMP
THERE IS A SICKENING CRUNCH AS METAL HITS FLESH.

FRANTICALLY, SHE RUNS BACK TO THE FALLEN BODY. IT DOESN'T MOVE... ITS CHEST DOESN'T HEAVE.
IN SHORT IT IS DEAD.
OH NO, PLEASE... BE ALIVE... PLEASE.

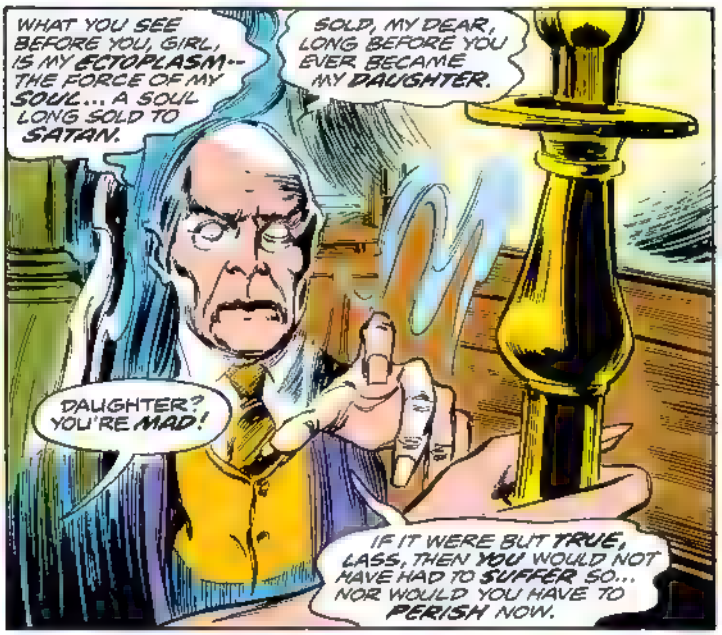

I CAN NOT COME ALIVE, WOMAN--
--BUT I SHALL NEVER BE TRULY DEAD.
COME TO ME NOW, GIRL, AND LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE--
--A VAMPIRE!

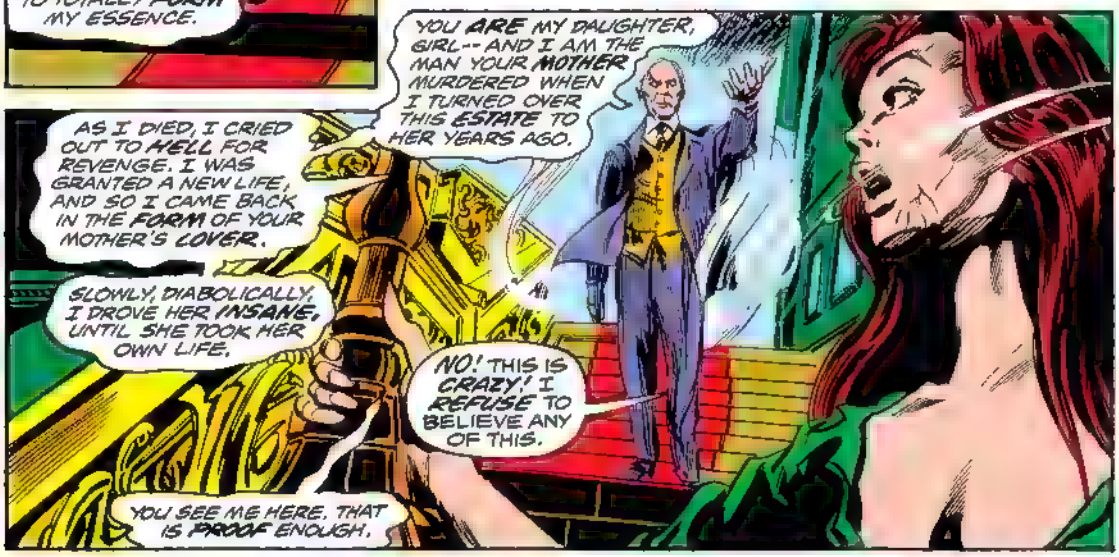

AS THE PAIN OF HIS FANGS TURN TO PLEASURE, CAROLINE BASCOMBE'S SCREAMS END, AND HER BODY FALLS LIMP.
EEEYOOEEEE
SHE DIES THEN, AND IN THREE DAYS SHE WILL FINALLY RETURN HOME TO RANDOLPH. AND THEN TEDDY AND LITTLE EMILY-- YES, EVEN DARLING LITTLE EMILY-- WILL HAVE THEIR MOTHER BACK--
TWO YEARS FROM NOW RANDOLPH WILL FALL BENEATH BLADE'S KNIFE. CAROLINE AND TEDDY WILL SUFFER FROM BLOODLOSS AND PERISH. EMILY WILL LIVE 150 YEARS BEFORE SHE, TOO, DIES.

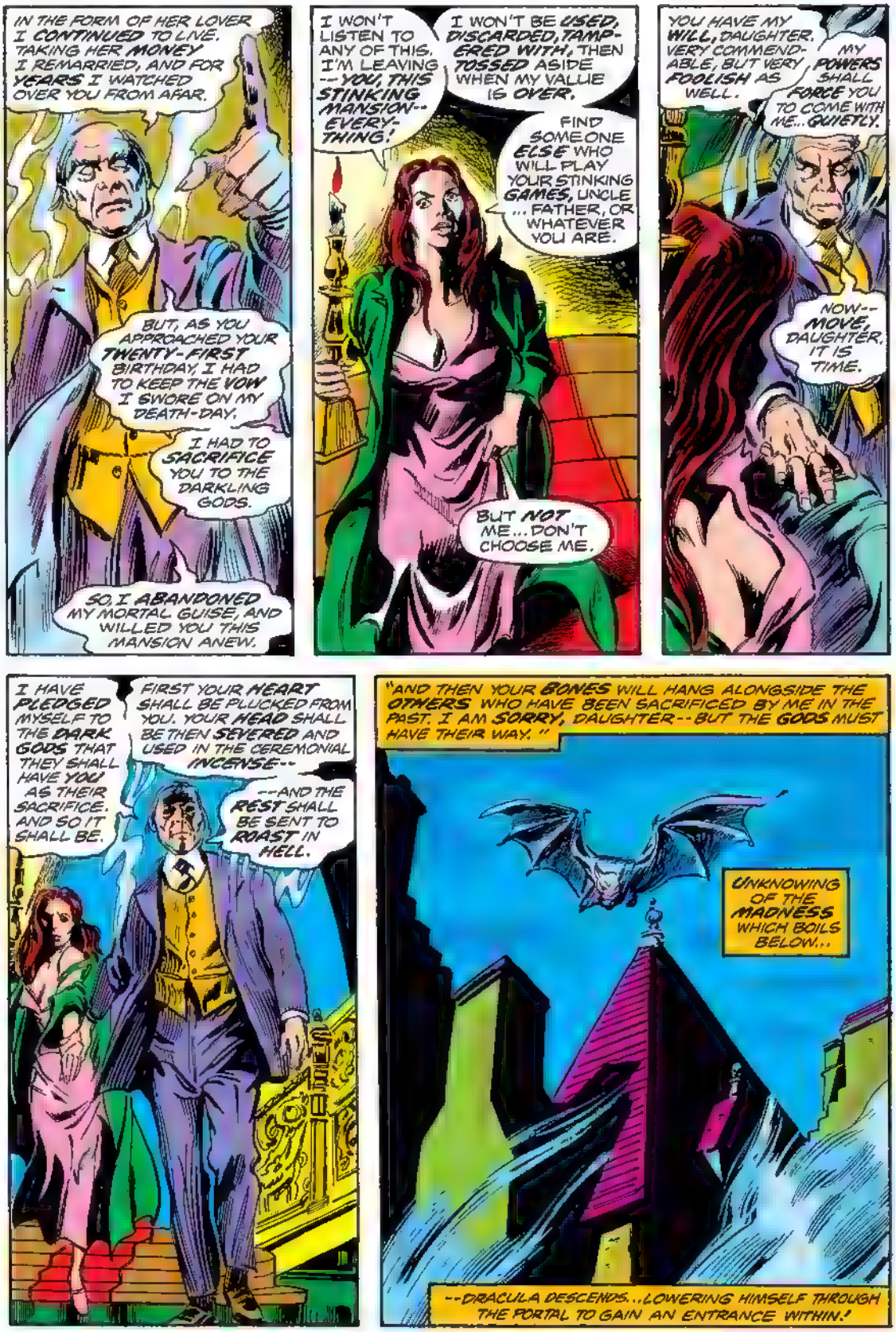
SHIELA WHITTIER HEARS SOUNDS AS WELL-- BUT DIFFERENT SOUNDS... LIKE AN OCEAN WAVE CALLING HER NAME AS IT BILLOWS ONTO A CRAGGY OUT-JUTTING OF ISLAND ROCK...
DRACULA? IS THAT YOU?
WHO'S CALLING ME? WHO?


OH GOD--IT MUST BE HIM AGAIN--YET, I CAN'T TURN BACK... I CAN'T TURN AWAY.
HE'S KEPT ME HERE SO LONG NOW... PREVENTED ME FROM LEAVING THIS HELL HOUSE OF HIS.
BUT MAYBE NOW HE FINALLY WISHES TO END THE CHARADE.
FOR REASONS UNKNOWN, SHIELA WHITTIER CONTINUES UP THE DUST-THICK STAIRWELL.

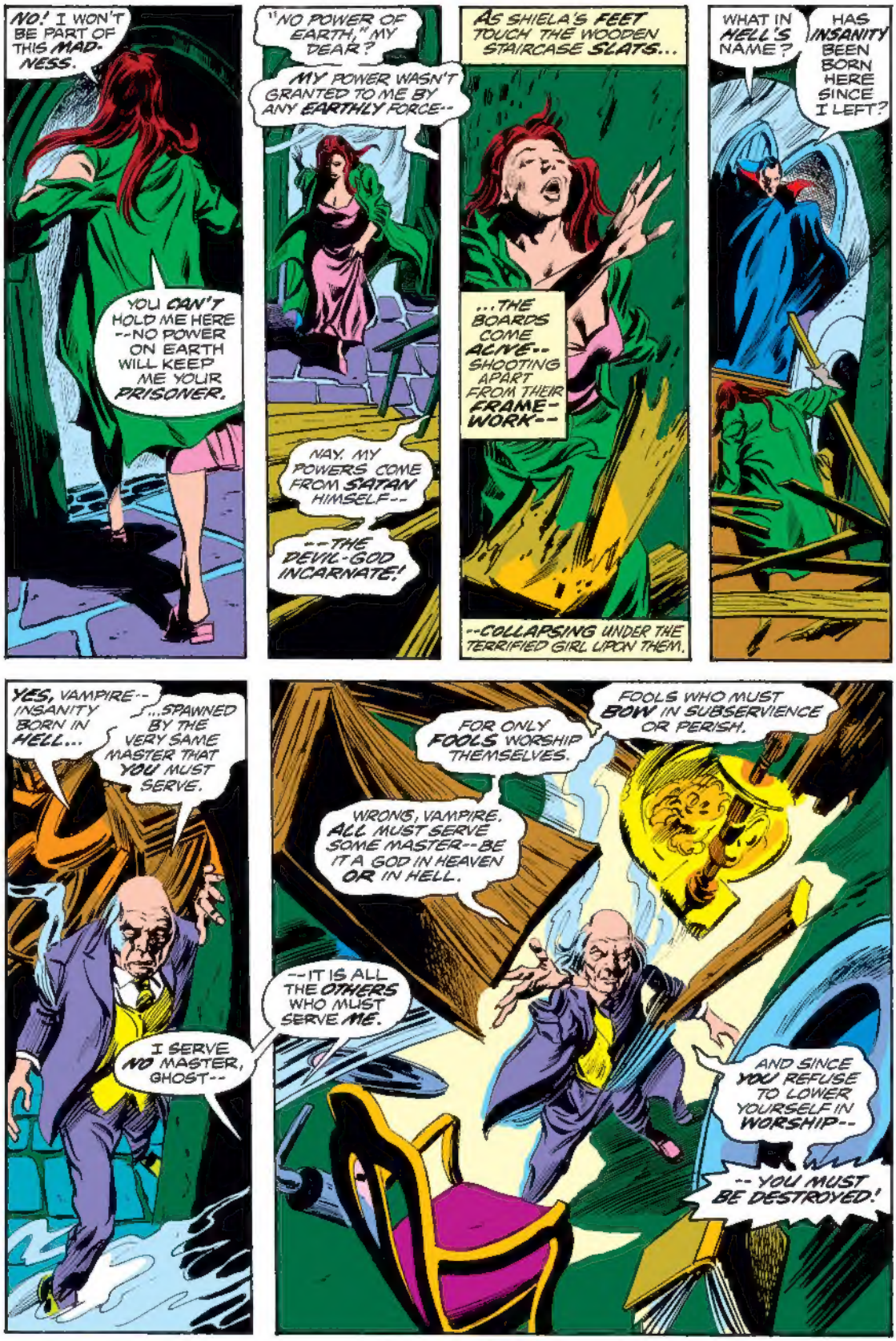
UNCLE? IS THAT YOU, UNCLE DUNWICK?
I HAVE BEEN CALLING TO YOU FOR TWO MONTHS, SHIELA--
--BUT ONLY NOW HAVE I BEEN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO TOTALLY FORM MY ESSENCE.

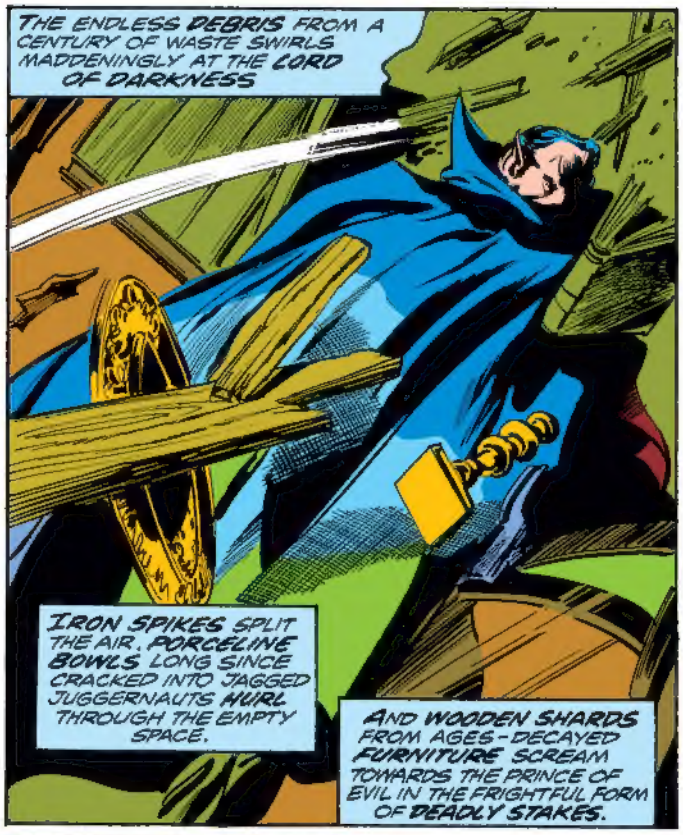

WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, GIRL, IS MY ECTOPLASM--THE FORCE OF MY SOUL... A SOUL LONG SOLD TO SATAN.
SOLD, MY DEAR, LONG BEFORE YOU EVER BECAME MY DAUGHTER.
DAUGHTER? YOU'RE MAD!
IF IT WERE BUT TRUE, LASS, THEN YOU WOULD NOT HAVE HAD TO SUFFER SO... NOR WOULD YOU HAVE TO PERISH NOW.


YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER, GIRL--AND I AM THE MAN YOUR MOTHER MURDERED WHEN I TURNED OVER THIS ESTATE TO HER YEARS AGO.
AS I DIED, I CRIED OUT TO HELL FOR REVENGE. I WAS GRANTED A NEW LIFE, AND SO I CAME BACK IN THE FORM OF YOUR MOTHER'S LOVER.
SLOWLY, DIABOLICALLY, I DROVE HER INSANE, UNTIL SHE TOOK HER OWN LIFE.
NO! THIS IS CRAZY! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE ANY OF THIS.
YOU SEE ME HERE. THAT IS PROOF ENOUGH.


IN THE FORM OF HER LOVER I CONTINUED TO LIVE. TAKING HER MONEY I REMARRIED, AND FOR YEARS I WATCHED OVER YOU FROM AFAR.
BUT, AS YOU APPROACHED YOUR TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, I HAD TO KEEP THE VOW I SWORE ON MY DEATH-DAY.
I HAD TO SACRIFICE YOU TO THE DARKLING GODS.
SO, I ABANDONED MY MORTAL GUISE, AND WILLED YOU THIS MANSION ANEW.
I WON'T LISTEN TO ANY OF THIS. I'M LEAVING --YOU, THIS STINKING MANSION-- EVERY-THING!
I WON'T BE USED, DISCARDED, TAMP-ERED WITH, THEN TOSSED ASIDE WHEN MY VALUE IS OVER.
FIND SOMEONE ELSE WHO WILL PLAY YOUR STINKING GAMES, UNCLE ... FATHER, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE.
BUT NOT ME... DON'T CHOOSE ME.
YOU HAVE MY WILL, DAUGHTER. VERY COMMEND-ABLE, BUT VERY FOOLISH AS WELL.
MY POWERS SHALL FORCE YOU TO COME WITH ME... QUIETLY.
NOW-- MOVE, DAUGHTER. IT IS TIME.
I HAVE PLEDGED MYSELF TO THE DARK GODS THAT THEY SHALL HAVE YOU AS THEIR SACRIFICE. AND SO IT SHALL BE.
FIRST YOUR HEART SHALL BE PLUCKED FROM YOU. YOUR HEAD SHALL BE THEN SEVERED AND USED IN THE CEREMONIAL INCENSE--
--AND THE REST SHALL BE SENT TO ROAST IN HELL.
"AND THEN YOUR BONES WILL HANG ALONGSIDE THE OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED BY ME IN THE PAST. I AM SORRY, DAUGHTER-- BUT THE GODS MUST HAVE THEIR WAY."
UNKNOWING OF THE MADNESS WHICH BOILS BELOW...
--DRACULA DESCENDS... LOWERING HIMSELF THROUGH THE PORTAL TO GAIN AN ENTRANCE WITHIN!

INSIDE NOW, DAUGHTER-- INSIDE THIS SECRET CHAMBER AND WITNESS WHAT FEW MEN ALIVE HAVE EVER SEEN BEFORE.
THIS IS THE TABERNACLE WHERE MY SOUL AND FORM BECAME ONE--
--THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE DAMNED!
PLEASE-- LEAVE ME ALONE--
IN RETURN, I HAVE MADE MANY SACRIFICES-- BEFORE YOU-- LOOK!
I KILLED THEM ALL-- SUCKED AWAY THEIR LIVING SOULS AND FED THEM TO MY MASTERS TO GROW EVEN MORE POWERFUL THAN THEY ALREADY ARE.
NEVER, DAUGHTER-- THE DARK GODS GAVE ME LIFE ETERNAL-- AND I SHALL BE THEIR'S FOR ALL THAT ETERNITY.
LOOK AGAIN-- BEHIND THEM, UPON THE THRONE-- AND SEE HOW POWERFUL MY MASTERS ARE--
--AND WHY THEY AND I AS THEIR ATTENDANT SHALL EVER BE SUPREME.
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE-- IMPOSSIBLE!
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO THE DARK GODS, DAUGHTER.
BEFORE YOU SITS MY ORIGINAL BODY TURN TO GOLD-- PRESERVED FOR ALL THE AGES TO STARE AT IN AWE.
YES, THIS IS THE POWER I SERVE--
--AND THIS IS THE POWER THAT DEMANDS YOU AS SACRIFICE.


NO! I WON'T BE PART OF THIS MAD-NESS.
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME HERE --NO POWER ON EARTH WILL KEEP ME YOUR PRISONER.
"NO POWER OF EARTH," MY DEAR?
MY POWER WASN'T GRANTED TO ME BY ANY EARTHLY FORCE--
NAY. MY POWERS COME FROM SATAN HIMSELF--
--THE DEVIL-GOD INCARNATE!
AS SHIELA'S FEET TOUCH THE WOODEN STAIRCASE SLATS...
...THE BOARDS COME ALIVE-- SHOOTING APART FROM THEIR FRAME-WORK--
--COLLAPSING UNDER THE TERRIFIED GIRL UPON THEM.
WHAT IN HELL'S NAME?
HAS INSANITY BEEN BORN HERE SINCE I LEFT?
YES, VAMPIRE-- INSANITY BORN IN HELL...
...SPAWNED BY THE VERY SAME MASTER THAT YOU MUST SERVE.
I SERVE NO MASTER, GHOST--
--IT IS ALL THE OTHERS WHO MUST SERVE ME.
WRONG, VAMPIRE. ALL MUST SERVE SOME MASTER--BE IT A GOD IN HEAVEN OR IN HELL.
FOR ONLY FOOLS WORSHIP THEMSELVES.
FOOLS WHO MUST BOW IN SUBSERVIENCE OR PERISH.
AND SINCE YOU REFUSE TO LOWER YOURSELF IN WORSHIP--
-- YOU MUST BE DESTROYED!


THE ENDLESS DEBRIS FROM A CENTURY OF WASTE SWIRLS MADDENINGLY AT THE LORD OF DARKNESS
IRON SPIKES SPLIT THE AIR. PORCELINE BOWLS LONG SINCE CRACKED INTO JAGGED JUGGERNAUTS HURL THROUGH THE EMPTY SPACE.
AND WOODEN SHARDS FROM AGES-DECAYED FURNITURE SCREAM TOWARDS THE PRINCE OF EVIL IN THE FRIGHTFUL FORM OF DEADLY STAKES.

NO MORTAL MAN COULD HOPE TO ESCAPE THIS ENDLESS BARRAGE OF HURTLING HELL...
...BUT DRACULA IS NO MERE MORTAL... DRACULA IS BEYOND ALL CONCEPTIONS OF MORTALITY.
AND THUS, IT IS THIS IMMORTAL DEMON WHO ALTERS HIMSELF INTO AN INTANGIBLE MIST...

...AND REFORMS INTO HUMAN GUISE ONCE THE DANGER HAS GONE.
IF YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED LIFE ANEW, GHOST--
--THEN THIS GOLDEN CORPSE IS MORE THAN A TREASURED REMINDER OF YOUR HUMAN LIFE.

INDEED, YOUR VERY HELL-BORN EXISTENCE IS INEXTRICABLY TIED TOGETHER WITH ITS SURVIVAL.
SATAN DEMANDS THE WORSHIPPING OF FALSE IMAGES...
...AND THUS WITH THIS FETISH DESTROYED, THEN, TOO, SHALL ITS COUNTERPART BE TAKEN WITH IT.

NO--YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH IT--
IT MUSTN'T BE HARMED.
IF I AM TO SERVE THE DARK GODS--I MUST BE INTACT. I MUST BE WHOLE!
THEN SATAN WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT YOU, GHOST.
YOUR TIME HERE IS OVER.
SMISSSH!
HOW COULD YOU END MY LIFE SO... HOW COULD YOU?
YOU'RE A CHILD OF HELL AS I AM.
I AM DRACULA, GHOST...
...AND I AM A GREATER HELL THAN ANY YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE.
NEXT: BLOOD-FEAR IN TRAFALGAR!